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"DON QUIXOTE."

THAT Shakespeare the actor was only mask for Bacon, the dramatic author, is, to those who will look carefully into the evidence, about as well proved as any fact three hundred years old can be proved.

Should we be wrong the actor, if author, had only to thank his unintelligible want of care.

We may say as much about Cervantes, the actual or more probably only nominal author of "Don Quixote."

When a man says of his best book that *he is not its father but its stepfather*, and that it was written by one Cid Hamete Ben-Engeli in Arabic, he raises doubt and invites enquiry. Still more when he publicly lays by far his greatest store upon other writings which no one now wants and few then wanted to read. Our Spanish friends must accordingly pardon a peep into the title of one of their literary heroes. If this title fails they will be in no worse case than Englishmen are in with regard to the Stratford actor.

Here is an abstract of the main facts concerning Cervantes: Cervantes born 1547; died 1616; burial place unknown. No authentic portrait. Clever scholar, wrote poetry of a kind. From 1569 to 1574 a soldier. Wounded and left hand maimed for life at naval battle of Lepanto.

From *circa* 1574 to 1580 a slave or prisoner of the Moors at Algiers.

1580 to 1584 variously employed. Tried writing plays for the theatre.

1584 published a prose poem, "Galatea," 1st part. Also married a young woman who had a little property. Sold "Galatea" for £34.

1585 to 1604. Employed in various jobs, mostly for Government. Salary about £2 per week. Failed to account for Government money collected; was twice imprisoned.

1604. Cervantes at Valladolid, the Spanish Capital and seat of Spanish Court. Gondomar collecting his library there. "Don Quixote" 1st part in hands of printers in May, 1604 (see "Life of Cervantes," by A. F. Calvert). "Don Quixote" sold to a book-seller named Robles; price unknown. Badly printed in 1605. Revised and corrected edition in 1608. Large sale and many piracies.

1605. Cervantes, his sister, niece, and daughter living in two rooms of tenement at Valladolid; arrested in connection with a murder. Evidence given at the trial of poverty of Cervantes and immorality of several of his female relatives.

1612. Published poem, "Viage del Parnaso."

1613. Sold "Novelas Exemplares" to Robles for £40.

1615. Published "Ocho Comedias," November.

1615. "Don Quixote," 2nd part, published December.

1616. Engaged writing prose romance of Persiles and Sigismunda at time of his death. Aged 69.

Two descriptions of Cervantes are all that have come down to us. The Marquess Torres, the official licenser, wrote that Cervantes was an old soldier, a gentleman, and poor. He does not seem to have had any close acquaintance with Cervantes. The person who under the pen-name of "Avellanda" wrote a

spurious second part of "Don Quixote" (and who may have been Lope de Vega) described Cervantes as a chatterer; his attitude aggressive and bumptious, old in years, a fop in airs and graces; cantankerous, quarrelsome, soured and envious and that he had no friends.

Making due allowances, we should picture Cervantes as a poor unsuccessful man of letters and odd jobs, open, for sufficient reward, to put forth as his own the work of another man.

It is remarkable that we learn nothing of money matters in respect of either part of "Don Quixote." Here Cervantes should have secured a substantial sum, but there is no evidence of his getting anything. Yet he certainly needed money. What he got, and how, he seems to have kept to himself. The intermediary between the author and Cervantes could well have been Robles, who was bookseller to the King. Cervantes' publication of his own books between 1612 and 1616 raises the inference that he was rushing to take advantage pecuniarily of the credit the first part "Don Quixote" and the expected second part had gained for him. The "Don Quixote," second part, seems to have been kept back until Cervantes "8 Comedies" had been sold to another publisher, Villarroel, for a price unrecorded.

The probable explanation of the mystery is that Francis Bacon, a young man of great importance at the English Court, and a writer of similar nouvelles which he put forth under the vizards of Lyly, Greene and Nashe, read the "Galatea," first part, published by Cervantes in 1584, and sought his acquaintance by means of mutual friends or correspondence. He would thus learn what Cervantes had produced and contemplated producing and would generally ascertain how Cervantes was situated before he (Francis Bacon)

opened up the question of publication in Spanish of a novel ridiculing the Duello, Knight Errantry, Tourneys and other dangerous and foolish practices of the period.

Indeed, we are told this in "Don Quixote," first part, in which the curate is made to say :—"What book is that next to it?" "The 'Galatea' of Miguel de Cervantes" said the barber. "*That Cervantes has been a great friend of mine these many years, and I know he is better acquainted with misfortune than with poetry.* His book hath somewhat of a good invention in it, he proposes something, but concludes nothing : We must wait for the second part which he promises ; *perhaps in his amendment he may obtain that entire pardon which is now denied him.*" This is all in the masterly way in which Bacon used to pronounce upon the work of other contemporary writers. Incidentally he tried to do a good turn for Cervantes with the Spanish Government. Bacon seems to have used in "Don Quixote," first part, a tale of the "Greene" class, viz. : "Curious Impertinent," and dressed up another called the "Captive's tale," from gossip heard about Cervantes' earlier career. Mrs. Oliphant says truly, that the "Captive" is not Cervantes' personal history.

The reference to the story of Raconnette and Cor-tadillo (which was afterwards printed by Cervantes as an example story) was a mere bit of dust for the public eye. Bacon would have known that Cervantes had the Raconette story in MS.

It is curious that a play (now lost) was performed before the English Court in 1613 entitled and based upon the story of Cardenio which also runs in "Don Quixote," first part. When Moseley described the *play* in 1653 he stated that its authors were *Shakespeare* and Fletcher.

To go back to Cervantes. Louis Viardôt, the eminent French critic, could not understand why Cervantes extravagantly praised his "8 Comedies." Most critics pass them by without reverence. Viardôt considered the fulsome claim about them to be a curious instance of the incapacity of a man of superior genius to form a just estimate of his own works. Read what Cervantes says in his Prologue to "Viage del Parnaso :"

"I am he from whose genius sprang the lovely 'Galatea.' I produced the 'Confusa' which held its place among the best and other comedies that had acceptance at the time. I have given in 'Don Quixote' pastime to many a melancholy bosom. I have opened in my novels a road by which the Castilian tongue can show all its powers."

Of "Don Quixote," as Viardôt noted, Cervantes "speaks with modesty almost with embarrassment." It certainly looks as if Cervantes did not understand "Don Quixote"; that he did not comprehend the great lessons that were in it being taught to the world through the words of a daft intellectual visionary, and those of a dull clown. To Cervantes the book was only something for pastime !

Reformers could not speak openly in those days. But a Court Fool had license to say what he pleased. What did Bacon say as Shakespeare ?

"Invest me in my motley. Give me leave to speak my mind, and I will through and through cleanse the foul body of the infected world, if they will patiently receive my medicine."

As You Like It. 2. VII.

This great world lecture, "Don Quixote," replete with wisdom and humour, was to Cervantes, only something for pastime ! The case for Cervantes,

authorship breaks down over this point alone. Surely had he been the father and not as said in the prologue, the stepfather of the book, he would have understood its true inwardness. "Don Quixote" is a most humorous book, yet I venture to allege that taken as a whole the other works, viz., those of which Cervantes was the true author, do not show that he was a humorous man. If he had no humour (and how could an aggressive, bumptious, cantankerous and jealous person such as Cervantes was said to have been, have possessed humour), then we must strongly suspect that Sir Francis Bacon, who in the words of Ben Jonson could rarely spare or pass by a jest; this "merry wit" (that Campion the poet called him in 1619) was the real author of "Don Quixote."

In "Novelas Exemplares," 1614, Cervantes gave a faint intimation that a second part of "Don Quixote" was in preparation, but in his "Eight Comedies" which also appeared before the "Don Quixote" second part he said nothing. But he did get the printer of the "Don Quixote" second part to add a few words to the end of the Prologue that the reader might expect from him, "Persiles" and the second part of "Galatea."

For "Persiles" "he reserved his warmest eulogium and fondest predilections." What are we to make of a man who habitually and extravagantly praised his worst work and said nothing about his best? The true inferences are that he was jealous of the works which were not his, and that he was honest.

He was honest in that he craved a reputation on the faith of the merits of his own children and conversely did not desire it because of the merits of the children of which he was only the step-father. Moreover, poor Cervantes had to live, and live by his writings. His wife was dead and had not provided

for him. This should account for his feverish pressure. He did not know at the time the second "Don Quixote" was printed that he was diabetic (a condition which occasions great restlessness and desire to work) and that death was near upon him. His had been a hard life and his was a peculiar position as step-father for another's literary offspring. Yet let us hear the truth. It can be truly said that neither Cervantes nor Shakespeare sought in any way unduly to take advantage of the greatness respectively thrust upon them.

"BACON THE AUTHOR OF 'DON QUIXOTE.'"

At this distance of time it would have been most unfair to question Cervantes authorship of "Don Quixote" had there not been many half concealed intimations that Bacon was the real author and that he had thus set another problem for solution by inductive reasoning.

So far as discovery has progressed, no claim to this authorship has been found ciphered by Bacon; but the Rosy Cross men seem to have known that he wrote the book. They paraded this knowledge in their usual interesting way.

Thus a book from the hand of a brother of the secret society of the Rosicrosse is usually indicated by a certain numerical sigil or signal, namely, the number 287 or the number 157. The latter signal is the total in figures of the words, "Fra Rosicrosse." Thus F. 6, r. 17, a. 1, R. 17, e. 14, s. 18, i. 9, c. 3, r. 17, o. 14, s. 18, s. 18, e. 5, total 157. The former signal is the same word reached by the Kaye method of count. In this K. to Z. run 10 to 24; while A. to I. run 27 to 35.

"Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixot" (*sic*), 1654, by Gayton (adopted son of poet, Ben Jonson), exhibits the sigil.

Total words on the two pages of the Address to

Reader 287. (Turnover words not counted.) At end of notes on book 3, at page 168, there is a large printer's ornament. Adding the Roman words and italic letters on the page, viz., III, plus 8, and the page number 168, gives 287. The work ends on page 287.

Deduct from the 341 Roman words on that page (not in brackets) the 54 italic words and you obtain 287. Being thus satisfied that the book has been published by a member of the Rosicrosse secret society, established by Bacon for the continuance of his scheme for the improvement of learning manners, morals, art and religion, let us note carefully what Gayton tells us about Don Quixot (*sic*).

On the title-page, under the words "Don Quixot," are exactly III letters, which do not express numerals. These III letters indicate in Kaye count B.28, A. 27, C. 29, O. 14, N. 13, total III—Bacon. In simple count Quixot is 100, Francis 67, Bacon 33. The name of Cervantes is nowhere mentioned throughout the book. The author is always alluded to as Cyde Hamete Benengeli, which, the late Mr. Hutchinson suggested, is a fair indication of Sir — Bacon of England.

Beneath the first reference to the author Cyde Hamet, Hilliard (who painted Bacon's miniature) is mentioned.

"A hand or eye

By Hyliard drawne is worth a history."

The first complimentary verses end thus :—

"Your Clavis makes this History to be
The unveiled Cabala of Chivalrie."

At page 95 there are the lines :—

Look on thy Don,

The Shakespeare of the Mancha.

John Phillips, another Rosicrucian (who was a nephew of John Milton, the poet), issued in 1687 a new and very free translation of "Don Quixote."

No author's name is given on the title page of the translation, but in its first square (as bounded by printer's rules) are exactly 33 Roman words. 33 is the simple count of the name "Bacon."

The second page of the epistle to the reader gives the 287 sign, so does the last page. On page 211 the 111th word down is "Bacon"; the 111th word up is also "Bacon." On page 384 the 111th word down is "Bacon." In Kaye cipher 287 as explained, is "Fra Rosicrosse," 111 is "Bacon," 384 is "Michael Cervantes," and 211 is "Rosicrosse."

This led to an examination of the "Shelton" translation of the 1620 "Don Quixote." Shelton has been identified as an Englishman who spoke Spanish, and was employed as messenger from Lady Suffolk (the wife of James the First's Lord Chamberlain) to the King of Spain, who paid her £1,000 per annum as correspondent. To her eldest son, Lord Howard de Walden, "Shelton" dedicated the so-called English translation of "Don Quixote," first part, or as it has been called, "the reproduction in robust phraseology of the spirit of the original."

Not to waste time upon the "Shelton" illusion, I think we may safely conclude that the "translation" was really Bacon's original of his "Don Quixote," afterwards translated into Spanish in a reduced form (the English edition appears to be about twice the length of the Spanish) and was not a translation.

Mr. Haworth Booth tells us that Phillips said "Don Quixote" was translated into Spanish.

The "Shelton" dedication is Bacon's work. It contains 239 Roman words, but three words in the heading (the only ones in small Roman type) are drawn attention to by three asterisks. Add 3 to 239 = 242. Then add the 45 italic letters = 287.

The author's preface (including the heading), con-

tains a total of 157 words in Roman type. 287 is "Fra Rosicrosse" in Kaye cipher. The simple count of "Fra Rosicrosse" is 157. The letters on the frontispiece of the second part total 56, which is the count of Fr. Bacon. This may or may not be accidental. But it is curious that the two specially shortened lines containing the last printed words in the second part, total in Roman letters 33, which is "Bacon." Bacon thus signed the book at its finis. The last page of the first part has 82 Roman words, 179 italic letters, 25 Roman letters in the epitaph; total 286. Adding 1 for Finis gives 287.

One should be very grateful to Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Haworth Booth for opening up this enquiry. As is frequent in preliminary speculations, we may often go too far. The Spanish windmills may or may not have been like English ones, and tossing in a blanket may or may not have been a much older custom in Spain than 1604, the date of "Don Quixote." I incline to the belief that Sir Francis Bacon, who had travelled in Spain in 1581-2 would not have made the Don tilt at Spanish windmills had there not have been windmills of the kind described. But the authorship question will have to be settled, if worth while, both by external and internal evidence. Fortunately the latter class of evidence appears to be very strong.

"Don Quixote" was the sort of book that Bacon might have had schemed and partly finished in Queen Elizabeth's lifetime. But he could not without offence to the Queen have attacked the Duello and Knight Errantry very boldly in her day. The book appeared within two years of her death, and at a time when England and Spain had been for that period at peace.

Francis, never an idle man, had at that date plenty

of time in which to write it and arrange for its publication. The first part is more of the type of the "Greene" novels which Francis wrote.

The frequent use of the term "unfortunate," which Gabriel Harvey used to joke "Greene" about, is noticeable in "Don Quixote" also. The reference to Fortune, Fortune's Wheel, and the Labyrinth cause suspicion, but too much stress must not be laid on these terms. Each 17th century writer had the same range of classics in which to delve. But the construction of sentences and phrases is a matter of style dependent upon the individual writer. When we read sentences like:—"Be they never so idle fabulous and prophane," "honour and profit in this our age," "minister occasion," "I myself (although unworthy) am one and the least of all," we know it is in Bacon's style of writing.

I should judge "Don Quixote" first part to have been in MS. in the last decade of the 16th century. It reminds one continually of "Greene" and "Nashe," who were other masks of Bacon. The introduction of other tales, such as "Curious Impertinent," "Cardenio," and "the Captive," was characteristic of the Greene and Nashe novels. These digressions from the main story aroused comment at the time, as in "Don Quixote," second part, the author (like Bacon) replied to the criticisms; but he profited by them, as the second part preserves the proper sequence of the main adventures.

Again the author, like Bacon and his masks, refers to spending his "idle times" in writing verses in "Camila's praise that he might *eternize her name and make it famous in insuing ages.*" It was an obsession with Bacon to cause his friends to be remembered in future ages. When from his "Spenser" sonnets to the Court gallants and ladies, which he added

to the "Faerie Queene," in 1590, he accidentally omitted one to the Earl of Derby, he supplied the omission in the "Nashe" *Piers Penilesse*, of 1592. He also omitted his good friend, Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, eldest son of Lord Burleigh. Thomas Cecil's name seems to have been restored to the eternizing list by its introduction in "Don Quixote" as "Thomas Cecial." Remember that Bacon very much wanted to marry Lady Elizabeth Hatton, who was Thomas Cecil's widowed daughter.

Quixote is the Spanish name for a piece of armour to protect the thigh. Bacon jested in the name which in its first two parts Don Qui (pronounced as French) suggests that "Dapple" was not the only "Ass." Pança means paunch. Sancha Panca like Nashe's "Jack Wilton" and Shakespeare's "Christopher Sly" would not pay one denier." Pança said, "Let the world wagge." Sly said, "Let the world slide." Pança uses the expression, "My deare Sir." Shakespeare in *King John* says, "My deare Sir, Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin." Jack Wilton has, "When I sate leaning on my elbow." In "Don Quixote" we have in the preface, "My pen in mine eare, mine elbow on the table, and my hand on my cheeke," and in the text, "Lay his elbow on the arme of his chair and his hand on his cheeke." Note the pose of the Bacon statue at Gorhambury, and of the Shakespeare statue at Westminster Abbey.

It is a suspicious circumstance that about the date of the latter statue, when the Rosicrosse fraternity seem to have ended their labours:—1725—40 two four volume reprints of the "Shelton" *Don Quixote* were published.

The Canon's argument as to the importance of good plays strongly reminds one of "Nashe," in "*Piers Pennilesse*." The Canon remarked, "For

the auditor having heard an artificiall and well ordered Comedie would come away delighted with the jests and instructed by the truths thereof, wondering at the successes, grow discreeter by the reasons, warned by the deceits, become wise by other's example, incensed against vice, and enamoured of virtue." He explains that defects in plays in this direction were really due to the players who would only buy those of the accustomed kind. The author had a remarkably extensive knowledge of the classics, and used dozens of law terms such as only an English lawyer could have used correctly.

Don Quixote was not absolutely intended to have a second part, although the possibility of one was hinted at. It had served its purpose as "an invective against books of Knighthood," and other good educational purposes which were not put in the forefront. It ended with epitaphs on Don Quixote and the Lady Dulcinea.

The appearance of spurious copies and a forged second part rather suggests that "Don Quixote" was believed in Spain to be the product of some unknown person. The forgery may have caused the second part to be written, but the author declared his second part to be absolutely the final one. Its adventures are continuous, the humour is still there, but is more subtle. The educational intent is more pronounced. The author discourses on Bacon's favourite subjects, viz., Poetry, Duels, Liberty, Office, Great Place, Clothes, Address, Laws, Love, Marriage, and Death.

In 1614 Bacon had been married eight years. His marriage to a young wife had not been a success. His comments are to be found in his "Essay of Love," 1612, and in some of the Shakespeare Sonnets, 1609.

Tell me thou lov'st me not. But in my sight
 Dear heart forbear to glance thine eye aside."

Sonnet 139.

In "Don Quixote," second part, is the comment about a wife:—"If you bring her honest to your house 'tis easy keeping her so, and to better her in that goodness, but if you bring her dishonest 'tis hard mending her." Bacon revoked all gifts to his wife, who, after his death, married her secretary (gentleman-usher).

"The best fortune of all is to die" said the author of Don Quixote. Compare Bacon, "I have often thought upon death and count it the least of all evils," and Bacon's Will, "The day of death is better than the day of birth."

Said Don Quixote, second part, in Chapter 12, "Hast not thou seen a play acted where Kings, Emperors, Bishops, Knights, Dames, and other personages are introduced? One plays a ruffian, another the cheater, this a merchant, t'other a soldier, one a crafty fool, another a foolish lover: And the Comedy ended and the apparrell taken away all the rehearsers are the same they were."

"Yes. Marry have I," quoth Sancha. "Why the same thing (said Don Quixote) happens in the Comedy and Theatre of this world, where some play the Emperors, others the Bishops; and lastly all the parts that may be in a Comedy; but in the end, that is the end of our life, Death takes away all the robes that made them differ, and at their burial they are equal." I have not given a tithe of the internal evidence which supports the case for Bacon's authorship of Don Quixote. The subject is worth further careful examination.

PARKER WOODWARD.

NEW LIGHT ON OTHELLO.

II.

Since putting together the notes which appeared in the last number of *BACONIANA*, there has been brought to my notice *An Allegory of Othello*, by Charles Creighton, M.D. (Arthur and Humphries, 1915). An important work explaining why the play was written and acted on All Saints Day, 1604, and carefully interpreting its hidden meaning.

Dr. Creighton believes Desdemona stands for the Holy Mysteries of the English Church, at that moment in danger from attacks within and without. He refers much to Dr. Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, the most of which, I believe, we have to thank Francis Bacon for.

Dr. Creighton is illuminated, and we should be deeply grateful to him for his most useful and interesting study. At the same time his vision is limited. Bacon in his opinion is the model of the villain of the piece, and while he quotes from his *Wisdom of the Ancients* in support of Allegory as a means of teaching high truths, he denies him the authorship of Othello. His woeful misconception of Bacon's character is of less moment than his being led to think him Iago by the close parallel he finds between Iago's blank verse and Bacon's prose; Iago's song, which he learnt in England, and Bacon's poem: "Man's life's a bubble!"

According to Dr. Creighton, Brabantio is pictured from Archbishop Whitgift, not unlikely, seeing how close was young Bacon's intercourse with the Master of Trinity, and how great was Bacon's friendship always with the "great and good" Bishops of the realm.

Dr. Creighton considers Othello to have been of Lollard origin, which does credit to his insight, for

though Othello is not drawn, as he suggests, from Robert Essex, he is the portrait of a Huguenot warrior of even more martial fame, King Henri of Navarre. This at least is my view of that inconsistent and contradictory character.

That Othello's name is coined from Otho the Great is quite a good notion, especially as "The Great" was Henri IV. of France's title. Born at the foot of the Pyrenees in the castle of Pau, his eyrie was "rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven." If ever a valiant son of Mars encountered "moving accidents and hairbreadth 'scapes" even to becoming a Catholic to save his life on the fatal night of Saint Bartholomew—it was the hero of Ivry. Since "his arms had seven years pith" he, like his friend and betrayer, Duc de Biron, Charles Marquis de Gontaut, bore arms. Henri's coal black hair, olive skin, keen black eye, and southern nature, are all in keeping with Othello, who most people connect with the Arab rather than with the negro. Henri was not handsome, but his countenance was agreeable and his bearing frank and dauntless, and his address, though not polished, was winning.

A character of rare virtues and extraordinary vices, a General of whom it has been said that not one of his Huguenot followers but would have considered it a privilege to lay down his life for him. Fickle in his love to man and woman, this redoubtable Béarnais was profoundly licentious, not incapable of acts of selfish cruelty to the woman he had loved, and the mother of his child, for he allowed her to die within a stone's throw of his palace of want and neglect.

This idol of conquering hosts is known as the "re-lapsed heretic," and for his "recreancy to the faith in which he was brought up and which he had insincerely abjured." At the same time we are told that

of all the Kings of France he is the most deserving of the grateful remembrance of posterity. We may well believe this foremost Prince of Europe owed much of his wise policy, and the regard of both Catholics and Huguenots in his well-regulated Kingdom to the counsels of Francis Bacon, and perhaps to the timely warning of that wonderful allegory of Othello, termed "the most wonderful work in the English language."

I quote a very suggestive passage in Bacon's *Of an Holy War*. "What Christian soldier is there that will not be touched with a religious emulation to see an order . . . of Saint Iago . . . only to robe, feast, and perform rites and observances?" Again, "For the pearl of the Kingdom of Heaven . . . or the spices of the Spouse's garden not a mast hath been set up."

He also says that "numbers of Moors are true Christians in all points save for their thirst of revenge."

Bacon, the "meanest" man that ever was, because endowed with the rare and precious gift of "*Golden Mediocrity*," and because living for the establishment of the "*Golden Mean*" in all kingdoms and all peoples, weighed in his just balance Religion and Superstition, Light and Darkness, Truth and Error, Tradition and Scripture, and struck the happy medium. He fought for the Church and her rites, but also for freedom "of *Knowledge and love*." It will be remembered that Francis Bacon being a sojourner in France from 1577 to 1579, had ample opportunity to study the characters of both Henri, and Duc de Biron, that perfidious monster, who, with no manner of doubt, was his model for Iago. Biron was high in the esteem of Henri the Great, who in appreciation of his great feats as warrior, and of all the risks he ran in his happy enterprises and grave adventures, made him first Lord High Admiral of France, and then *Maréchal*. But this man's immea-

surable ambition was only equalled by his vanity, and nothing satisfied them. A General of ability and experience, he was often in the right when his private interests were not concerned, but Queen Margot when she first caught sight at Lyons of the evil look that lurked in the eyes of this "black-visaged" man (as an old contemporary writer describes him) rightly judged him a traitor. We cease to wonder why Iago should allude to money and its getting no less than twelve times in quite a short scene, when we know how Henri spoke of his insatiable avarice, and of the large sums he managed to mulct him of. The "conjururation and mighty magic" that Othello was charged with were freely used by Biron in his dealings with the evil one, by means of sorcerers and necromancers. Conferences and "*conjurations*" (which is by the way the French word used at that time for such acts), eventually led him to the scaffold, where his wicked plots to poison the king and the young Dauphin, and to exterminate the entire Royal Family, met with the punishment they deserved. This mocking, satirical villain exclaimed in true Iago fashion when facing his executioner in the Bastille.

"Not in public! A beautiful reward, this, for my services! To die ignominiously in the eyes of the world!"

Biron said a strange thing at his death, speaking of the King:—

"Si n'a-t'il pas su tout mon secret et ne le saura jamais de par moi."

Iago's last words were these enigmatical ones to Othello:—

"Demand me nothing!

What you know you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word."

"Servant of the devil, murderer and liar from the beginning," is Charles de Gontaut's epitaph, while King

Henri the Great used to say playing his game of *la Paume*, "That's as true as that Biron was a traitor!"

After the anagrammatic manner of his day Bacon drew the name of Iago from the letters *Eago* buried in the name De Gontaut. While discoursing with him in England, September, 1601, Elizabeth "sharply accused Essex of ingratitude, rash counsels, and obstinate disdain to ask pardon; and wished that the most Christian King would rather use a mild severity than an unwise and destructive clemency by cutting off the heads of treacherous and disloyal persons in time, who sought nothing, but innovations, and the disturbance of the public quiet and tranquility, which might have terrified Biron from those wicked designs which he was at this very time plotting against the King, had not his mind been besotted." (Campden, p. 634.)

In his arrogant and vain-glorious manner De Gontaut refers to this in his last moments: "Ha!" he cried apostrophising the King, "Ingrate! Unthankful! sans pity! sans mercy! Queen Elizabeth would have pardoned Essex had he asked her to, and I have *sued* to you for pardon in vain!" so died Biron, "Catholic by design, and so little Christian that he trusted the devil more than God," really quite indifferent to the great struggles of Religion so long as he gained his own ends.

With regard to that so sweet wonder, Disdémona—the meaning of her name is *Unfortunate*—Bacon says "The Church of God hath been in all ages subject to contentions and schisms. Ever under trials, persecution, scandal and contention. When the one ceaseth the other succeedeth." "Protestant Churches," he says also "in foreign States . . . have sought indiscreetly and undutifully to bring in an alteration in the external rites and policy of the Church, rather offensive than dangerous to the Church." The colour of Othello's

face may, who knows, have its rise in the Brown of History whom he condemns. "Brownists," he says, "affirm that the Protestantical Church of England is not gathered in the name of Christ, but of Anti-Christ," which is to call (as Othello did) good—evil.

Bacon assuredly gathered his materials everywhere as he tells us ; and destroyed his note-books like the ancients did, after procuring a large stock of examples. "Thinking it needless to publish their notes, memoirs (what an interesting word !) and common-place books, following the example of builders who, after they have erected an edifice take down the ladders and scaffolding and remove them out of sight."

Abraham Cowley tells us symbolically that Bacon painted from the life.

"This," Ball says in his *Introduction to Bacon's Works*, "he accomplished by a system of mental absorption which takes in all, makes use of all, to which everything is alimient by virtue of a vigour that tires not, a charity that fails not, a humility for which nothing is too low, and a comprehension for which humanely speaking, nothing is too high or too minute." What he, Francis Bacon, noted as Types he used, he says himself, "as an Inventory of all Natures in the Universe . . . making them subservient to human uses."

"The power and compass of his mind," says Playfair, "must be an object of admiration to all unending ages."

ALICIA AMY LEITH.

“‘SHAKESPEARE’S’ ENGLAND.”

(LAW).

MORE than 120 years ago the most industrious of many commentators on the plays of “Shakespeare,” wrote in a preface to his valuable edition of them :—“ I scarcely remember ever to have looked into a book of the age of Queen Elizabeth, in which I did not find somewhat that tended to throw a light on these plays.” Whether prompted by this hint or not, a number of writers have since looked into innumerable books, and found much which has thrown light on the plays. The most recent collection of rays has been focussed in the two volumes of “Shakespeare’s England,” which has just issued from the press. If the effect of them is to increase the popular knowledge of the period covered by that revived title, the literary venture may be commended, irrespective of its object, which was, we suspect, less educational than covertly polemical. Our readers will not unreasonably surmise that the work was designed to allay the present widespread doubts about William Shakespeare’s capacity for authorship, by showing that the times in which he lived could supply him with materials and facilities to write the supreme Plays published under his name, or attributed to him.

The impossibility, or, at least, the unlikelihood of his having composed them, has been demonstrated by the Bacon Society, therefore proof of the possibility is now attempted by a band of *savants* each skilled in his particular subject, and associated under the leadership of Shakespeare’s most active upholder. Sir Sydney Lee did his best for Shakespeare in a bulky “Life,” the keynote of which was on the word “probably,” and the present work may be regarded as a

huge Supplement, the key-note lowered to the words " might have." The Biographer gave us all that he could unearth about the Actor ; the Supplement adds abundant facts as to the social life, manners, circumstances, and literature of the time. Some of such information has been already published by BACONIANA, as its readers will at once perceive. But that the compilers of " Shakespeare's England " are unaware of our periodical should, perhaps, be charitably presumed from the absence of any reference to it by them. With fearful unanimity they ignore the Bacon controversy, although they do not quite venture to ignore Francis Bacon himself when they are dealing with a period in which he was more eminent than the Stratford Actor, and, indeed, the fine portrait of Bacon, engraved by Marshall, is given in the Chapter on Law. The miscellany consists of 30 Essays, each one by a competent authority, and of 100 excellent illustrations, many of which are reproduced from rare books. The Chapters perhaps most relevant to the subject matter of our special interests are three, of which two are on " Education " and " Scholarship," by Sir John E. Sandys, the Public Orator at Cambridge, who with knowledge and pains expands, as it were, Dr. Farmer's short essay on the learning of Shakespeare, and Steeven's list of translations of the Classics. I propose, however, at present to deal only with the third of the said Chapters, viz., that on " Law," by " Mr. Arthur Underhill, one of the Conveyancing Counsel to the High Court of Justice." Although he must be acknowledged as an authority also upon other branches of our jurisprudence than that to which he has specially devoted himself, it may be doubted whether he is competent to contradict such a learned and cautious Judge as Lord Campbell about " Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements," by pronouncing at the outset of this Essay that

“Despite Shakespeare’s frequent use of legal phrases and allusions his knowledge of law was neither profound nor accurate, and it is unnecessary to explain such knowledge as he had by assuming that he enjoyed even a legal education as clerk in a lawyer’s office.” As a great number of passages from the Plays have been cited by Lord Campbell, Mr. W. L. Rushton, Mr. Watt, and others, to prove the contrary, one would have expected Mr. Underhill to support his judgment also by effective citations. This he quite fails to do, and it is worthy of observation that although he quotes no less than 32 passages from the Plays, there are but two which he ventures to charge with inaccuracy. The point made against one of them would have been deemed fine even by the old lawyers whom he disparages. The lines criticised are taken from some light badinage between *Maria* and *Boyet*, in “Love’s Labour Lost”—says “*Boyet*. So you grant pasture for me ?

“*Maria*. Not so gentle beast,

“My lips are no common, though several they be.”

To this lady’s merry quip, the learned Conveyancing Counsel gravely makes the legal objection that “the allusion is not technically accurate, for it attributes the ‘several’ and ‘common’ to the lips rather than to the right to kiss them, and uses the word ‘though’ incorrectly, in place of ‘but,’ which rather suggests that he, ‘Shakespeare,’ considered common rights to be in some way connected with, instead of opposed to, several ones” ! So the Author, whoever he was, that could “never spare a jest,” is to be convicted of inaccurate law because he puts it, most appropriately, into the mouth of a bantering girl. By way of leading up to the second accusation, the hypercritical lawyer describes the Court of Wards and Liveries created in England by Statute to deal with the estates of infant

wards of the King—and an admirable picture of the Court in Session about 1585 is reproduced, containing more than a dozen figures, whose exquisite miniature faces are evidently likenesses of the members.

“During infancy,” explains Mr. Underhill, “the guardian had the right of marrying the ward to any one he pleased of equal rank. . . . There is no specific mention of this Court in Shakespeare’s works, but he alludes (although incorrectly) to the right of the Lord as guardian in ‘All’s Well that Ends Well,’ where the King of France insists upon his high-born ward, Bertram, marrying Helena, a poor physician’s daughter of inferior rank to him. The King parades all his male wards and says :—

‘Fair maid, send forth thine eyes : this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing ; (II., III.,
53-9),’

“and when Bertram, whom Helena chooses, protests, the King informs him peremptorily that :—

“‘It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt :
Obey our will, which travails in thy good (*Ibid*,
163-5).’”

Then a passage from Ben Jonson’s *Bartholomew Fair* is cited, making “an allusion to the condition that the spouse must be of equal rank with the ward, which Shakespeare ignored.” But if ignored at all, it is only by an arbitrary French King, the creation of “Shakespeare.” That “Shakespeare” himself did not ignore it is clear from subsequent lines unquoted, by Mr. Underhill, in which, answering Bertram’s indignant :—

“A poor physician’s daughter my wife ? Disdain.
“Rather corrupt me ever !”

The King replies, “’Tis only title thou disdains’t in her the which ‘I can build up,’” meaning that he

can fulfil the condition of the feudal law by ennobling her. The accuracy of none of the other thirty quotations is impeached. On the contrary, the proposition with which the essay starts seems abandoned, and indeed the writer fairly admits that the effect of even the writ of *proemunire*, no every day process of law, “ is correctly described in Henry VIII. (iii., ii. 338-45).” Comparison of the passage cited with the Anglo-Norman French text of the Statute will show, however, that the correctness of the reference to it, is incontrovertible. But if Mr. Underhill’s theory of inaccuracy breaks down, on what other does he base his initial suggestion that the playwright was not a lawyer ? He resorts to the idea that the legal phrases abounding in the Plays were but the common property of playwrights at the period, or even had passed into the popular language. Edmund Malone, also a lawyer, and writing before the recondite difficulties of Real Property Law had been removed by Acts of Parliament, wrote of “ Shakespeare,” that “ His knowledge of legal terms is not merely such as might be acquired by the casual observation of even his all-comprehending mind ; it has the appearance of technical skill.” But the modern lawyer, relieved from the encumbrance of the ancient lore, ventures to suppose that even the special doctrine of Fines and Recoveries so often touched on by “ Shakespeare ” could have been picked up by anyone strolling into the Courts. “ Fines and Recoveries,” writes Mr. Underhill, “ seem to have specially appealed to Shakespeare, who doubtless witnessed the process at Westminster Hall,” and the well-known speech of the gravedigger in “ Hamlet ” is then cited, with a footnote showing half a mind to found a charge of inaccuracy against the poor man because he has spoken of “ statutes and recognizances ” in connexion with the transfer of land. “ What

‘statutes and recognizances’ had to do with the buying of land is not evident to a lawyer,” writes Mr. Underhill, fearless of the ghosts of famous old conveyancers rising to enlighten him, “and may suggest that Shakespeare’s knowledge of the law of property was neither accurate nor extensive, but it must be remembered that the words are spoken by a gravedigger.” This reminder, although rather belated, is, at least, candid, even if unnecessary. Mr. Underhill, warned or aware of the danger of an admission that the author of the plays was “learned in the law,” hints that such legal terms as he used might have been caught up during a lounge in Westminster Hall! A similar attempt is made to show that although versed in nautical matters he need never have made a voyage, for although Mr. L. G. Carr Laughton begins a Chapter on “The Navy: Ships and Sailors,” by granting that “It has been very generally conceded that Shakespeare’s references to the sea and to sea-life are almost without exception accurate” the writer tries to persuade us that such sea-faring proficiency “might have” been got by frequenting the London Docks and tarry taverns! Other contributors to this really interesting collection of treatises would account for the supernatural knowledge of the Author of the Plays by fancying that he “might have” been here or there, seen, heard, or read this thing or that. One of the less cautious even goes the length of saying, after a statement of the different breeds of horses known in England, that “Of all these, the Barbary horse or barb was undoubtedly Shakespeare’s favourite. With such affection and intimacy does he dwell upon its merits that it is probable that the poet at one time possessed a roan barb,” and the familiar lines from Richard II., vv. 78-84 are cited, although the tradition that the Actor began by holding horses at stage doors

would just as well have supported the novel hypothesis. It is right, however, to conclude by adding that several of the most eminent contributors bring their Chapters within the ambit of the Title by mere use of the phrase “ in Shakespeare’s time,” and apposite quotations from the Plays, which are certainly illuminated by the Articles. While proving nothing new about the Actor, they go far to establish that the Author of the Plays had indeed taken all knowledge to be his province.

J. R. (of Gray’s Inn.)

SIR HERBERT TREE AND THE BACONIANS.

IN my little book, “ New Light on the Enigmas of Shakespeare’s Sonnets ” (John Long), I took the opportunity to reply briefly to a “ poser,” which Sir Herbert Tree went out of his way to introduce in a lecture entitled “ Humour in Tragedy.” This was printed in *The English Review* for November, 1915, but criticism was, as I expected, ruled out of order. The press is still determined to maintain the vested interests and literary reputations now wobbling above the under-mined foundations of the Stratford tradition.

The famous actor quotes these lines from *Love’s Labour’s Lost* (I.—I), where Biron says :

Study is like the heaven’s glorious sun
That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks :
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others’ books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven’s lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit in their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame ;
And every godfather can give a name.

The King replies :

How well he's read, to reason against reading.

"Could Bacon, who took all knowledge for his province, have thus ridiculed book-learning?" asks Sir Herbert, and answers for himself, "Of course not!" Book-learning is not ridiculed but, as Shakespeare makes quite clear, continual *plodding* upon other's books. How is learning to be advanced while men's knowledge is confined to what others have already written? That, as I read it, is the drift of Biron's speech. It is a pity that before endeavouring to refute the Baconians, the actor-manager did not pause a little. No doubt there is, in his library, a copy of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* and, if he can lay hands on this neglected volume, he will read how Bacon contested the pedantic follies of his age :

"There are three distempers of learning ; effeminate learning ; contentious learning and fantastical learning . . .

"This same unprofitable subtlety or curiosity is of two sorts, either in the subject itself which they handle, when it is fruitless speculations or controversy, whereof there are no small number in Divinity and Philosophy. . . . For were it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light than to go about with a small watchcandle into every corner? And such is their method that rests not so much upon evidence of truth . . . as upon particular confutations and solutions of every scruple, cavillation and objection ; breeding for the most part one question as fast as it solveth another, even as in the former semblance when you carry the light into one corner, you darken the rest."

Bacon confessed his aim was to purge Learning of "frivolous disputations, confutations and verbosities," and the other sort of rovers who, "with blind experiments and auricular traditions and impostures, hath committed so many spoils." This being done, he

hoped it would be possible to bring in "industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries."

In *The Tears of Peace* (1609), George Chapman—the learned translator of Homer—writes of the end of knowledge, agreeing in every detail with what the "unlearned" Shakespeare had written in his youth :

Skill that doth produce
But terms, and tongues, and parroting of art
Without the power to rule the errant part,
Is that which some call learned ignorance ;
A serious trifle, error in a trance.
And let a scholar all earth's volumes carry.
He will be but a walking dictionary.
A mere articulate clock that doth but speak
By other's arts ; when wheels wear, or springs break,
Or any fault is in him, he can mend
No more than clocks ; but at set hours must spend
His month as clocks do : if too fast speech go,
He cannot stay it, nor haste if too slow.
So that as travellers seek their peace through storms,
In passing many seas for many forms
Of foreign government ; endure the pain
Of many faces seeing, and the gain
That strangers make of their strange-loving humours ;
Learn tongues ; keep note-books ; all to feed the tumours
Of vain discourse at home, or serve the course
Of state-employment, never having force
T'employ themselves . . .
So covetous readers, setting many ends
To their much skill to talk ; studiers of phrase ;
Shifters in art, to flutter in the blaze
Of ignorant countenance ; to obtain degrees
And lie in learning's bottom, like the lees ;
To be accounted deep by shallow men, &c.

All these follies and distempers of learning had been exposed by Shakespeare nearly twenty years before. In the King of Navarre's little Academe, which was to be "still and contemplative in living art," he lays

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open the shallowness of Learning hampered with what Bacon describes as "blind experiments and auricular traditions," and in the other group of characters, Holofernes, Nathaniel, and Armado, gives a purge to "frivolous disputations, confutations and verbosities."

"The wit and mind of man," writes Bacon, "if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh its web, then it is endless and brings forth indeed cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of *thread* and work, but of no substance or profit."

Shakespeare adopts this metaphor in the play :

He draweth out the *thread* of his verbosity
Finer than the staple of his argument.

In *The Duchess of Malfi*, Webster alludes to "a fantastical scholar like such who study to know how many knots were in Hercules' club ; of what colour Achilles' beard was, or whether Hector was not troubled with the toothache." Shakespeare similarly makes merry at the barren labours of the schoolmen :

Dull. You two are book-men : can you tell me by your art
What was a month old at Cain's birth that's not
Five week's old as yet ?

Holofernes. Dictynna, goodman Dull ; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna ?

Nathaniel. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

In the Court Comedy *Sapho and Phao*, Lyly writes :

In universities, virtues and vices are but shadowed in colours, white and black ; in courts shewed to life, good or bad. . . . Simple are you that think to see more at the candle snuff than the sun beams ; to sail further in a little brook than the main ocean. . . . Cease then to lead thy life in a study pinned with a few boards.

The scholar Pandion and his servant Molus are, on the latter's confession, "only *plodders* at *ergo*, whose wits are clasped up with our books . . . burning out one candle in seeking for another, raw worldlings in matters of substance, passing wranglers about shadows."

The old play of *Timon of Athens* (reprinted at the end of Shakespeare's play in Cassell's *National Library* edition) contains an amusing scene in which two "Philosophers" *Stilpo* and *Speusippus*, appearing in their university gowns, indulge in "witty disputations, while one *Hermogenes* marvels at their verbosity. They resemble Shakespeare's two book-men having evidently "lived long on the alms-basket of words." What Lyly meant by "plodders at *ergo*" seems to find its explanation in this portion of the dialogue :

Stil. The moone may bee taken four manner of waies ; either specifically, or quiddiatatively, or superficially, or catapodially.

Her. Tomorrow, if Jove please, I'll buy those termes !

Stil. The man in the moone is not in the moone superficially, although he bee in the moone (as the Greekes will have it) catapodially, specifically, and quidditatively.

Speus. I prove the contrary to thee thus. Whatsoever is moved to the motion of the moone, is in the moone superficially ; but the man in the moone is moved to the motion of the moone ; *ergo* the man in the moone really exists in the moone superficially.

No doubt this is an exaggerated illustration, but it was against such pedantic folly that Shakespeare employed his pen in *Love's Labour's Lost*. It would be interesting to know if Sir Herbert Tree has made the acquaintance of any Baconian books. Far from being an argument against Bacon's authorship of the Shakespeare literature, the contrary is the fact. A perusal of Edwin Reed's *Francis Bacon our Shake-*

speare would have prevented his unfortunate mistake, for the lines which Sir Herbert thinks so unlike Bacon are the subject of a striking "coincidence." Beginning at the bottom of page 41, Reed observes :

" But it is in the *motif* or *raison d'être* of the comedy that we find the strongest roof of its Baconian authorship. *Love's Labour's Lost* stands, indeed, as one of Bacon's earliest protests against the barren philosophy of his time.

According to the play, the King of Navarre and his nobles pledge themselves under oath to retire from the world for three years and give their whole attention during that time to study. They are to lay aside all the cares, obligations, and pleasures of life for this purpose. The comedy "turns upon the utter futility of such a scheme. It is a travesty on the kind of learning, and particularly on the methods of acquiring learning, then in vogue. For ages men had sought knowledge by turning their backs upon nature and upon human life. All that they had wanted was Aristotle and the Fathers ; all that they acquired was, in the language of Hamlet, ' words, words, words.' "

In the *Advancement of Learning*, Bacon attributes to this method of study what he calls "the first distemper of learning." He says :—

Men have withdrawn themselves too much from the contemplation of Nature, and the observations of experience, and have tumbled up and down in their own reasons and conceits.

As many substances in Nature which are solid do putrefy and corrupt into worms, so it is the property of good and sound knowledge to putrefy into a number of subtle, idle, unwholesome and (as I may term them) vermiculate questions, which have indeed a kind of quickness and life of spirit, but no soundness of matter or goodness of quality. This kind of degenerate learning did chiefly reign amongst the schoolmen ; who had sharp and strong wits, abundance of leisure, and small variety of reading ; but their wits being shut up in the

cells of a few authors (chiefly Aristotle, their dictator), as their persons were shut up in the cells of monasteries and colleges ; and knowing little history, either of Nature or time, did, out of no great quantity of matter and infinite agitation of wit, spin out unto us those laborious webs of learning which are extant in their books. For the wit and mind of man, if it work upon matter, which is the contemplation of the creatures of God, worketh according to the stuff, and is limited thereby ; but if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless, and brings forth cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit.—Book I.

Here, then, is the key to the drama of *Love's Labour's Lost*. It was Bacon's first indictment against the Aristotelian philosophy as it had been studied by the schoolmen, and as it was still studied and taught in his own time."

Bacon left Cambridge in this sixteenth year without taking a degree as a protest against the Aristotelian, or contemplative, method of study prevailing there which, according to his chaplain, Dr. Rawley, he considered "barren of the production of works for the benefit of the life of man." Shakespeare aptly terms it "leaden contemplation."

Dr. Rawley wrote of Bacon that "his lordship had not his knowledge from books, but from some grounds or notions from within himself, he was *no plodder upon books*."

The other obstacle to the Baconian theory is, in the opinion of Sir Herbert Tree, Bacon's lack of humour. What does Sir Herbert know about Bacon *the man*, that was not known to Spedding ? But, says the biographer, "Bacon never admits us to his fireside." The popular opinion is based solely upon Bacon as the author of the *Novum Organum*, *De Augmentis*, and philosophical works written late in life when (if the author of the famous plays) he had most probably awakened from the dreams of poetry, and abjured that

"rough magic." Bacon was thirty-seven years of age before any work was published bearing his name, and that little book only contained ten short essays. It is impossible to account for his time during what should have been the most productive years of his life, and yet it was said of him that "at twelve years of age his *industry* was above the capacity, and his mind beyond the reach of his contemporaries." Bacon only appears to the world after his best years were spent, and it consequently seems to be overlooked by orthodox men of letters that he ever was a boy, or young man. It is recorded how the Queen delighted in the witty remarks of little Francis. Bacon did not dull his palm with entertainment of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade; but the few friends he did grapple to his soul bear testimony to Bacon's humour. Ben Jonson, in the course of his noble tribute to the man whose performance in the English language could be compared and even preferred to insolent Greece or haughty Rome, so that he stood as the *ne plus ultra* of our literature, observes that "his language was nobly censorious where he could spare or pass by a jest."

Sir Herbert Tree should make himself acquainted with the problem before he advances any more arguments against a case that becomes even stronger after every attempt to assail it.

Although Shakespeare ridiculed the confining of one's knowledge to what has already been written and studied by others, he was emphatic in his praise of true knowledge—"that angel knowledge." Sir Herbert will recall how in *Henry VI.*, Part II., ignorance is called the "curse of god," and "Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven." Bacon (letter to Rutland, 1596) observes that where knowledge is wanting, "the man is void of all good; without it, there can be no fortitude; no liberality; no justice; no constancy

or patience ; no temperance ; nay, without it, no true religion."

The distinguished actor quotes from Bacon's letter to Burleigh (1592), but surely he admits that Shakespeare also took all knowledge to be his province. In Furness's *Variorum Shakespeare* the editor says :—

" Shakespeare so devoted himself to the study of every trade, profession, pursuit and accomplishment that he became master of them all, which his plays clearly show him to have been."

" Myriad-minded indeed he was ! " exclaims Coleridge.

W. S. Landor writes of Francis Bacon :—

" Few have spent more time over his writings than I have, and nobody can have estimated him more highly as a philosopher. In *intellect* I always thought him *next to Shakespeare* ; great as a philosopher. as a poet, and incomparably the most universal genius that ever existed."

We are slowly approaching the time when the world will become struck with amazement at the industry, wisdom, and ingenuity of Francis Bacon. The most elaborate of his jokes is the folio of Mr. William Shakespeare's plays. There are to-day signs that baffled authority is beginning to be uneasy, and to perceive, like the fat knight, Sir Herbert so ably impersonates, that it has " been made an ass."

R. EAGLE.

FOR "SHAKESPEARE" READ "BACON."

The Shakespearean Tercentenary was the occasion for columns of "gush" being published in the daily and weekly Press. Without exception the writers stood firmly by the Stratford man's title. Most of the articles were saturated with commonplace thoughts. Many were written by men who having a passing acquaintance with the Shakespeare plays, were ignorant of the contemporary literature. Gibes and scoffs at Baconians were freely scattered about. An article, of course, from the orthodox point of view, which appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*, contains a disquisition on the genius of the great poet which may fitly be reproduced in these columns. How much more truly, than he knew, wrote the journalist when he said, "We are but skirting the edge of Shakespeare's colossal genius!" How mistaken he was when he said, "and his secret has died with him." To those who know the truth, to whom the great author is a familiar friend, who recognise the purpose for which the plays were written, these lines have a special significance. "Reverence and awe"; "mystical and divine!" Frances Osborne, who knew Francis Bacon, wrote, "He struck all men with an awful reverence," and Rawley wrote, "I have been induced to think that, if ever there were a beam of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times it was upon him."

If, with the exception of the references to Stratford, for "Shakespeare" we substitute "Bacon" how illuminating the following article becomes!

SHAKESPEARE.

"A rarer spirit never did steer humanity." Only in Shakespeare's own words can we attempt to define what Shakespeare was. The three hundredth anniversary of the poet's death, which it was our intention to honour in company with other countries as an international tribute to a master spirit in literature, has, unfortunately, been docked of some of its far-reaching influence because it has happened in the midst of a European war. Yet there are compensations, even though the glories of such an anniversary may be diminished. If the Elizabethan poet is, above all, the pride and honour of the land which gave him birth, then at least we can do him reverence as one entirely of ourselves—Britain's great prodigy in the history of the ages. Other nations might have co-operated with us had the times been more propitious, but they could not have added to the honourable pride with which we regard an Englishman who, coming out of the ranks of the yeomen of the Midlands, grew to be in the short course of his busy and industrious life a supreme poet, our greatest dramatist, and among the deepest of our thinkers. Nor, indeed, is it otherwise than fitting that the Ter-centenary of Shakespeare should be held at a time when the chief preoccupation of the country is the business of war. For the atmosphere in which many of the Shakespearean plays are set is one of warfare, and the poet himself, when first he came to London from his Warwickshire home, must have heard much of those rumours of invasion and desperate attempts of a foreign despot to conquer the country which were rife at the period. The generally accepted date of his departure from Stratford is 1587. Exciting news had come in the preceding year of the preparation of the King of Spain for the great "Enterprise of England," and in January, 1587, the false report had gained general currency that Philip had already landed at Milford Haven. On February 8th, the Queen of Scots was executed—which added an energetic stimulus to Spanish designs—and trained bands were being raised in Herefordshire, Monmouth, Worcestershire, and Shropshire to meet the ever-growing danger from abroad. Then, only a month afterwards, Drake cleared out of Plymouth, perhaps with all the more haste because he had heard that Philip had made peace overtures to the Queen. Before the Royal commands had arrived not to injure any of Philip's ships, Drake, who had a clearer prescience of the future, had gone on his way to Cadiz, had entered the mouth of the Tagus, sunk,

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burned, or captured a number of the enemy vessels, and "singed the King of Spain's beard" with such remarkable success and efficiency that the sailing of the Armada was deferred for a twelvemonth. As a matter of fact, the great Armada did not leave Spain until July 12th, 1588.

It is difficult to realise the strained excitement in England three hundred years ago, while our ancestors were waiting for the dreaded invasion. There were no Allies to help England, the people of the Netherlands were too hardly pressed to give us aid. The Spanish fleet was three times as great as ours, and, according to the doctrine of probabilities, there ought to have been no disputing its command of the sea. Liberty was at stake, the very existence of our country menaced by a danger far greater than that which threatens us nowadays, because the national services had been starved, and the balance of strength was so decidedly against us. We know what the issue was. "Jehovah blew, and his enemies were scattered"—such was the proud inscription on the medal which signalled the safety of the Netherlands. And through all this stormy period, tense with fear and anticipation of a gigantic peril, Shakespeare was in London, twenty-four years old, and, if we judge him aright, he must have had a ready ear for every rumour of victory or defeat, while his patriotic spirit must have urged him, with no uncertain voice, to take a share in the defence of his country. An ingenious suggestion had recently been brought forward by Mrs. Stopes that Shakespeare joined the fleet, because he is so accurate in his use of sea terms, showing a knowledge far beyond that of any landsman. Whether this be the case or not, there is no doubt, at all events, of Shakespeare's sturdy patriotism. In passage after passage of his plays he proves how near at his heart lay the love of his country, and how keenly he adjured his countrymen to preserve for themselves and their descendants "this precious stone set in the silver sea." There is a great deal about war, as we have said, in all his plays. He filled his historians with it, and his tragedies and comedies alike have a constant background of the operations of war. Most of his heroes are soldiers—Benedick had "done good service in the wars," and Henry V. was, above all, a national hero. Iago is, perhaps, the one soldier in the whole course of his plays who is essentially a bad man. Hamlet, despite the fact that he was a metaphysician and a scholar of Wittenberg, had "a soldier's funeral." War, as the poet knew, was a ruinous process, destroying the industries and wasting the lives

of his countrymen. Yet he knew, too, that it had a strange power of bringing out all that was best in a nation, and that when a spirit of war overspreads a country menaced by foreign aggression, brave men become braver, smaller souls catch the contagion of virility and strength, and even cowards learn to put away their fears and seek to train themselves in the school of heroism.

It is not, however, on grounds like these that we base our admiration for our great Elizabethan. Admiration itself is hardly the right word, because that is a tribute which we pay to cleverness more than ordinary, or to talents freely exercised and wisely controlled. Our attitude to Shakespeare is different. He was not only a man of prodigious talent—though that, too, may be ascribed to him—but a genius, which is profoundly different matter. A genius may be erratic or careless, or inaccurate; he may make serious mistakes, or sometimes—like Wordsworth—write things which are perilously near to nonsense. But in his high moments his peculiar excellence is not a matter of degree, it is an absolute difference of kind. We explain him as best we can to ourselves by saying that he is inspired, and the feeling with which we regard him is akin to reverence and awe. There are lines of Shakespeare, passages of unforgettable beauty, thoughts lying deeper than the level of our ordinary consciousness, which amaze us with their sweetness, or their tenderness, or their truth, in the presence of which we instinctively bare our heads and take the shoes off our feet. We have an uncanny feeling of something mystical and divine, something which touches our spirits from afar, some breath of purer ether, an atmosphere which never was on sea or land. No poet has ever thrilled us—except, possibly, Keats, and then only once or twice—like Shakespeare when he wrote about the early daffodils that "take the winds of March with beauty," or violets "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath." No one has ever penned a line more masterly in its union of simplicity and music than the description of Duncan in his grave—"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Or shall we take Lear's tribute to Cordelia, "her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low"; or Macbeth's invocation to sleep, "Sleep that knits up the ravell's sleeve of care"; or Othello's heart-broken cry to Desdemona, "O thou weed, Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet, That the sense aches at thee"; or Hamlet, in the presence of Ophelia, "Nymph, in thy prisons be all my sins remembered." Such lines are so

familiar that we might imagine that their first impression was dulled, but it is not so : " age cannot wither nor custom stale " their perennial charm. And even so, we are but skirting the edges of Shakespeare's colossal genius. Each time we read him, the more keenly we appreciate the range of his power : each time we see his creations on the stage, the more are we overwhelmed by his insight, his knowledge of humanity, his creative energy. For this is the magician who has called up spirits from the vasty deep, and they have answered his call : the master of dramatic sorcery who has drawn for us figures with a complexity and truth we are never tired of exploring. And his secret has died with him. No one can pluck out the heart of his mystery or diminish by so much as a hair's breadth his proud title to immortality.

THE GREATEST OF LITERARY PROBLEMS.

MR. PHINNY BAXTER'S book is a great reinforcement of the Baconian case. It will endure. I trust, to further editions. With that in view I venture to suggest a few corrections in its text. Page xxii. of Prologue : It should be made clear from Rawley's preface that the worthy chaplain was keeping back much of the real truth about his Lordship. When he wrote that the greatest part of Bacon's books were written in the last five years he did not mean the greatest in quantity. Page 61 : Is it correct to say that the parts of the plays of Henry IV. were written before " Love's Labour Lost " ?

Nor is there any certainty that Greene ever alluded to the player Shakespere or painted a verbal portrait of him. Greene himself, in my opinion, never wrote a line. The " Willy " passage in Spenser is more probably Bacon's own allusion to himself as Lyly, a pen-name he was dropping.

Page 248 : The woosack in the first Stratford bust was as likely as not a covert indication of the wool-

sack upon which Bacon as Lord Chancellor for a period sat. Page 308: It is not correct to say that Bacon's portrait by Hilliard was painted on the former's return from France, unless Mr. Baxter means the interim visit in 1578. Bacon did not return until 1579. Nor is it correct to say with confidence that Sir Nicholas left anything for the support of young Francis. Rawley's gossip is of no evidential value. It is unsafe to say that Bacon came in contact with any Rosicrucian brotherhood in his youth, nor that any such fraternity then existed. Page 318: There is evidence that Francis Bacon employed a number of good pens but not that Anthony Bacon was associated as employer. Nor can it be affirmed that Hobbes was one of them, if his biography be carefully studied.

Page 398: Maier's reference to Francis as a Rosicrucian is valuable.

Mr. Baxter's reference to the Spenser tomb is very interesting. I hope for an opportunity of reading the original Latin Tablet in the "*Reges Reginae Nobiles*," of 1606. It seems likely to exhibit a Rosicrucian mark.

The 1620 tomb would seem to have been prepared beforehand for Bacon's remains. He was at the apex of his influence in that year, and must, as a Tudor prince, have desired eventual interment in Westminster Abbey. The Countess of Dorset was a close personal friend of Lord St. Alban. The acrostic signature, "Here lies I expect Francis Bacon," on the Dorset Spenser tomb, rather bears out this view. Page 479: The vicarage was Tollisbury. Page 613: It is not correct to say that Francis was tried and imprisoned in 1592. The incident occurred about 1600 (see Spedding, Vol. II.), and there is no evidence that Anthony came to the rescue.

Page 619: Surely Essex was never "in debt to the Bacons for salary"?

While Mr. Baxter has acknowledged some indebtedness to me, he makes no quotation from my books. I should have liked to have had credit for several facts which I was the first to point out—particularly the "Robert Tider" inscription in the Tower, and my speculation as to the "Quality of Mercy" sonnet being the one written by Bacon to bring about the Queen's forgiveness of Essex. I first offered the explanation as to the Davison blunder in the biliteral decipher which Mr. Baxter adopts. As Mr. Baxter's book may meet with immortality when my "Tudor Problems" is drowned many fathoms deep, I desire to save myself a space by hanging upon the skirts of his publication.

PARKER WOODWARD.



NOTES.

All Baconians will congratulate Mr. George Greenwood upon his receiving the honour of knighthood. No one has written more ably or combated more trenchantly the arguments of the Stratfordians. Mr. Greenwood always flies at high game. He attacks Sir Sidney Lee or Mr. J. M. Robertson with an energy and determination which can only be exhibited by one to whom such a task is a source of enjoyment. The considerable literature which he has produced on the Shakespeare authorship meets and successfully answers every argument which has been advanced in support of John Shakespeare's eldest son being the author of the plays and poems. And yet Mr. Greenwood is still not prepared to accept Bacon as the author. He concluded an interview which was

published a short time ago by saying, "But I am not a Baconian." May he yet enter into the fuller light.

The excellent address which Mr. H. Crouch Batchelor delivered, on the 18th of March last, under the title of "*Bacon and 'Shakespeare.'* *Some Common-sense Reflections,*" will be published in pamphlet form and will prove a valuable synopsis of the Baconian case to put into the hands of any enquirer.

Under the title of "The Universal Advocate," a very illuminating article appears in *The Spectator*, of the 29th of April last. To the question "What is Shakespeare's greatest quality?" the writer says his reply would be: "Advocacy—advocacy passed to the highest possible power, advocacy so sublimated that it rises to a height of almost Divine comprehension. Shakespeare sees all, understands all, and almost, though happily, not quite, pardons all." . . . "That Shakespeare never deliberately sat down to apologise for, or put the case for this or that type of mankind we fully admit, or to elucidate this or that element in human nature, we fully admit." . . . "He set out to tell of the world and all its glory, and of the men and women who move on its face and to tell of them in terms of action. He was a dramatist, a playwright, before he was anything else. But the moment he began to create his characters, the sense of justice which burned in him with such an inextinguishable flame, his warm love of mankind and his deep knowledge of the human heart made him the supreme advocate." In support of this view the dramatist's treatment of the Jewish character, of Macbeth, of Lady Macbeth, amongst other instances, are given. The analysis by the writer of the article of the treatment of these characters is most able.

It is, however, the last paragraph of the article that is of special significance. It affords another proof that if any able man, having a knowledge of the literature of the period, attempts to fathom the depths of Shakespeare's mind he instinctively turns to Bacon for illustration in support of his conclusions. The paragraph reads thus:—"If we read

Shakespeare as a whole and not in patches, it is absolutely impossible to come to any other conclusion than that he was always in the end on the side of truth, religion, and justice—was in the battle of life, to use his own phrase, "God's Soldier." Bacon in that strangest and most pedantic of all his essays, the essay on "The Regimen of Health," tells us that in the region of the body, we ought to vary and exchange contraries, "fasting and full eating," "watching and sleep," "setting and exercise," but always "with an inclination to the more benign extreme." That seems to use the last word when we try to estimate Shakespeare's own opinions. He shows us life in every possible form, but when it comes to judgment he invariably leans to the benign extreme. He is always in the last resort on the side of what he might have called, nay, did call, "High Heaven."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR SIR,—It is interesting to me, who look on Robert Cecil as one of the Royal "blood" to find he was a Poet. In Lodge's *Illustrations* is the following: "Verses composed by Mr. Secretary, who got Hales to frame a ditty unto it. Mr. Secretary keepeth those things very secret. It was told her Majesty that Mr. Secretary had rare music and songs, she would needs hear them, so this ditty was sung."

Robert Cecil struck the Duke of Sully when on an embassy from Henry the Great to James "as a man who was all mystery, for he separated from or united with all parties, according as he judged it most advantageous to his own particular interest; he had borne the principal sway in the late government, and he endeavoured, with the same subtilty to acquire an equal share in the present." (*Memoirs of Sully*).
—Yours faithfully,

A. A. LEITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DID BACON DIE IN 1626?

The letter which Mr. Granville Cuninghame so ably expounds puzzles me still as much as when in *BACONIANA* for January, 1915, I drew attention to it. It seems to have come from the

natural custody of Francis himself. If it was to the Irish peer, Earl Clanricarde, who was Earl of St. Albans from August, 1628 to 1636, and who married Frances, the widow of Robert Earl of Essex, what possible accident could account for it getting amongst the Lambeth MSS., and why was it unaddressed?

If Bacon "died to the world," it is reasonable to think that he [and possibly his wife] went to live abroad under new names. Then, if that letter was to him he was living at some place abroad where there were noble ladies and especial friends of Thomas Meautys. The Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., was living at a small place in Holland, on the Rhine. Francis and his wife may have been either there or, at the Hague, where his literary executor, Sir William Boswell, was Ambassador. Sir Thomas Meautys, a military man and cousin of the Clerk to the Council, was in attendance upon the Queen of Bohemia. Mrs. Bunter has shown that the military man invited his civilian cousin to visit him in 1628. Between then and 1631 he may have done so. Anyway, there were "especial friends" of the Clerk to the Council at Arnheim, after the date of the 1631 letter, as Mrs. Bunter has also shown (BACONIANA, 1914, page 240).

There is still considerable room for doubt whether the terms, "my most honoured lord and lady" following the words, "my devotion and service to your lordship," meant Bacon and his wife, or meant the *Prince Elector Palatine and his Queen*. Bear in mind Meautys was scribbling rapidly by the light of a flickering candle and the Prince and his wife were refugees without a realm.

The Secretary Meautys' statement in April, 1626, that "My Lo. St. Albans is dead and buried" may have been merely to circulate *an agreed and justifiable fiction* about his dear old most honoured Lord Rawley, in 1657, distinctly warned his readers not to accept his statements as treading too near upon the heels of truth. Mallet, in the 1740 *Life of Bacon*, repeats Rawley for the "inferior reader," but doubtless, rendered the real truth in cipher, as he was a Rosy Cross man. Lady Bacon's death, as recorded at Eyworth, in Bedfordshire, a day's drive from St. Albans, was on 29th June, 1656.

So she outlived twenty years and upwards from the day of his "death to the world." But if as Chamberlain wrote in 1616, of Lady Bacon's terms with her husband, "She

affords him no manner of comfort either by her consort or her company," things could not well have changed in 1626. Besides, consider Bacon's Essay of Love, 1612, some of his Shakespeare Sonnets, 1609, the terms of his Will, the scandal printed about her after his death, the alleged marriage to her gentleman usher, and her burial at Eyworth. I think Bacon was alone in 1631.

PARKER WOODWARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—When the first article appeared in *BACONIANA* under the title, "Did Bacon die in 1626?" it seemed to be a *ballon d'essai*, which must collapse as soon as anyone took the trouble to prick it. But other articles on the subject followed, and now the suggestion that Bacon did not die in 1626 is put forward as a serious proposition, and one of importance to members of the Bacon Society. In the last number of *BACONIANA* Mr. Granville Cunningham cites a letter which he alleged to be proof that Bacon lived after 1626, and then he proceeds to draw the most astounding inferences from this startling assertion. For instance, in Mr. Cunningham's opinion, Bacon made a bogus will, and Lady St. Alban committed bigamy.

Now let us examine for a moment the value of the evidence put forward by Mr. Cunningham. It is a letter in the handwriting of Thomas Meautys and supposed to have been written to Bacon. From the contents of the letter, which bears no date, it appears to have been written in 1631. If it was written to Bacon, therefore, it would be evidence that Bacon was then alive. But, on the other hand, if the letter was written to anybody else, the evidence is worthless and the whole fabric falls to the ground.

The first question is was the letter written to Bacon? It is a significant fact that the letter is not addressed to anyone by name, nor does Bacon's name appear upon it. The endorsement is, "For your noblest self, my most honoured lord."

It happened, however, that Montagu published the letter with a headline—

"T. MEAUTYS TO LORD ST. ALBAN,"

and this description has been entered in the catalogue at Lambeth. Such are the grounds put forward for supposing that the letter was written to Bacon.

But what if Montagu made a mistake? and, after all, such an oversight would not be very extraordinary; because the letter was found among the Bacon MSS. and it was the sort of letter that Meautys might have written to Bacon. Montagu may have assumed, therefore, that it was written by the Secretary to his master, Lord St. Alban. Now, however, the discovery is made, upon closer examination of the contents of the letter, and by fixing the dates of incidents referred to by the writer, that the letter appears to have been written some years after Bacon's death and inadvertently described as a letter to Lord St. Alban.—Yours faithfully,

HAROLD HARDY.

Gray's Inn.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Since my interest was first enlisted in the subject of the authorship of the Shakespeare plays, I have experienced surprise after surprise. The further I have ventured on the Baconian road, the more exacting have been the demands on my credulity. The byeways on that road are so numerous and the temptation to explore them so strong that one's whole life might be spent in the journey. Each byeway seems to lead to a mystery. Either that or the mind of the traveller gets so bewildered with the various theories and hypothesis that are placed before him that he is inclined to abandon the whole subject in the hope of preserving his sanity. But the climax surely comes when in a serious periodical as is *BACONIANA*, articles appear attempting to justify a negative answer to the question, "Did Bacon Die in 1626?" About that can there be any doubt? Rawley, Mallet, Montague, Macaulay, Hepworth-Dixon, Spedding and in fact all Bacon's biographers are in agreement. Could a wilder theory than that he lived after be hazarded? What shall we be asked to accept next?

Such were my impressions when the suggestion that the 1626 death was a feigned one was first brought to my notice. I scouted it as a wild, unwarranted, and preposterous theory. I remember feeling angry that my time was being wasted in reading such nonsense. I tried to rid myself of the remembrance of the subject, but to no purpose again and again I caught myself repeating the question, "Did Bacon die in 1626?" Of course he did. At last, I determined to investigate the evidence which I concluded would be decisive and

so free my mind from the irritation attending the continual recurrence of the question. Conclusive and decisive it must be, I felt sure. It was only necessary to look it up and settle the matter once and for ever.

I am old-fashioned enough to believe that a definite statement on a man's tombstone that he died on a certain day at a given age is final and unassailable. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that a definite statement on the title page of a book that the author is so and so is final and unassailable. I try and persuade myself that I am foolish to listen to any suggestion that either the one or the other statement can be at fault. Surely the tombstone and the title page cannot lie ! What right has any man to go behind them ? And now having searched in every direction that I can for corroboration of the accounts of Bacon's death in April, 1626, I am a doubting Thomas. I should have gone on accepting the statement as long as I lived if someone had not suggested otherwise but now I can never again feel sure that the historians and biographers have not been intentionally deceived. Now, to me the account of the circumstances leading up to the death seem hard to believe. The great philosopher goes out for a drive in his carriage, snow has fallen, and lies on the ground. Going up Highgate Hill, he meets a woman with some fowls. He stops his carriage, and obtains a fowl from the woman and proceeds with his own hands to stuff it with snow as an experiment in the conservation of bodies, an experiment which he had already tried and that successfully, as will be found in the *Sylva-sylvarum*. He was then 66 years of age. He is seized with a chill and is taken to the nearest house, and put to bed in a damp bed. Apparently there is only a housekeeper in charge. He discovers that the house belongs to a friend of his, the Earl of Arundel, and he writes whilst in extremis from his bed to apologise for his intrusion. He dies within a week. But there is no record of the funeral ceremony or of the interment at St. Michael's, Gorhambury. Casually his death is afterwards referred to as having recently occurred. The final result of my investigation is that of course I have no justification for doubting the fact which has been accepted by all the great men who have been interested, during the last 300 years, in Francis Bacon, but I shall never again be free from the question, " Did Bacon die in 1626 ? "

HENRY HATHWAY.